

Her Prize Story

Thrilling Tale of an Imaginative Typewriter

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

"It is a misfit."

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"Misdemeanor? Oh, why, no?"

"Wait—now wait. I expected to be jumped on by both of you at once, but I repeat, it is a misdemeanor."

Indignation was flashed at the speaker from two pairs of fine eyes, respectively brown and gray. Said Brown, "I move that Miss Theodora Cummings be called upon to substantiate her very grave charge."

Said Gray, "Moved, seconded and carried, if that is the proper thing to do to a move."

Said the misdemeanor girl: "Resolution entirely uncalled for. That is what I intend doing as soon as I can get the floor."

The floor being granted, Miss Cummings proceeded judicially: "You, Imogen Marsden, call it a misfit. I presume you mean that this darling little flat, with its wide park outlook, giving one such a comforting sense of being in the country, is a decided misfit to the lean purses of three petticoated breadwinners. Our vaulting ambition o'erleapt itself when we rented it."

The misfit girl nodded a mournful acquiescence. Defendant turned upon the third member of what was known in the apartment house as "the bachelor maid trio."

"And you, Letitia Copeland, called it a misfit. I suppose because all of our big plans for co-operative house-keeping have resulted in what threatens to become co-operative starvation."

"A dreadfully unsatisfactory predicament."

"No one denies that. So there we are."

"No, there we are not. It is not customary in these open avenue days for women to whimper because they have not a man's chances. It has just been half an hour since our landlady dunned us. A whole month must elapse before she can repeat the offense. Much can happen in a month. Something must happen to this aggregation. We must do something out of our beaten paths."

"For example?"

"Let's write a prize story," suggested Imogen, typewriter.

"To be declined with thanks," snapped Letty.

"Who knows? Not if you go about it in the right way."

"And I, Theodora Cummings, participate criminis, pronounce it a misdemeanor for a harebrained typewriter," pointing the finger of scorn at Imogen; "a trained nurse with only occasional cases," withering Miss Copeland with a glance, "and a miserable little sheepish newspaper reporter," pecking viciously at the buttons on her own shirt waist, "to be faring sumptuously on sardines and chocolate eclairs with three months' rent due and a threat of ejection hanging over them."

Then tea was poured and sugared with severe energy. "Letty Copeland, your levity is misplaced and displeasing. Shall we get out?"

"Not until a writ of ejection is served on us."

That Imogen should be missing from the supper table perhaps a week later did not excite any surprise in the little flat. She was the fortunate possessor of a married cousin living in Harlem, and invitations to spend the night with her came frequently to the typewriter girl, never to be declined. Therefore she was misused understandingly. Doubtless she had phoned her intentions, as she always did, but no one had been on hand to receive the message. They were always sorry to have her vacant chair confront them. More emphatically than the other two, she was the homemaker. Absence from the supper table meant absence from the breakfast table and, as dinner was a downtown function for all three, reunion could be only the next day at supper time. Therefore when, contrary to precedent, she walked in upon them before they had left the breakfast table their surprise was quite natural. She laughed in a strained, nervous way as she flung herself into her chair at table.

"Any coffee left, Theo? Give me some, hot and strong, please."

"Why—but—"

"Don't talk to me yet, girls. Give me some coffee, hot and strong. I have been shaken all to pieces. I know you are wondering why I did not take my breakfast at Maggie's. I—I—"

She shuddered. "I will tell you all as soon as I can control my foolish nerves sufficiently. I did not come home from Maggie's."

"What? Where, then?"

"The bank—the park, I mean—not in the park, of course. I got locked in. I have had a night of horrors. I have had my thrills and my goose flesh with a vengeance. Oh, girls, Theo, what a scoop I could give you for your paper!"

"Save it for your prize story."

"Don't make fun of me. I can't stand much more."

"For heaven's sake, tell us something, Gene!"

Imogen put down her empty cup and composed herself by a resolute exer-

cise of will power. "I am going to tell you as soon as I can."

"There, now, I believe I can talk without choking. I never fell into such a trap before, and I suppose you both will say there was no excuse for it this time. If I deserve punishment I have had it. I had about an hour's work to do last evening when Mr. Devlin put his head through the door to tell me he was going home early on account of a sick child. I told him I was not through, but would stay until I was. I have often stayed over hours rather than take up a piece of unfinished work the next day. He went off, and I went on with my work with no thought of anything being wrong. The doors to that bank are so constructed that you have to open them from the inside as well as the outside. I carry my own key—I don't mean to the big outside doors, but to the office where I work and which opens into a corridor. I couldn't help thinking what a nice, quiet time for blocking out my prize story."

"That bee still buzzing?"

"Yes, it is. So I took a brand new pad and began blocking, or I tried to block, but I found there was nothing to block."

"Well, I scratched away at a great rate, beginning to feel quite gooseflesh, principally on account of the lateness and the stillness, until the clock struck 9. I jumped up, scared, and threw everything into my desk higgly piggly and rushed for the door of Mr. Devlin's office, by which I always get into the corridor. It had been double locked on the outside. My key was no good. My first thought was to telephone to somebody. I didn't know just who. I rushed to the cabinet. There was no telephone in it. Then I remembered some talk about moving it and putting in a desk set. The desk set was locked up in Mr. Devlin's big office desk. I believe now it was all a part of the plan—plot!"

"Plot for what?"

"She tapped the table with a tightly twisted paper she held in a rigid grasp. 'You will learn soon. It is all in the paper in black, hideous headlines—bank robbed, president murdered, and all.'"

"Mr. Devlin! Your Mr. Devlin murdered? And you liked him so?"

"Don't call names. Say bank president. Plot to rob the bank. I didn't know then, of course, that anything was going on wrong, but I was so

bank, but murdered the night watchman."

"Murdered the night watchman? Imogen Marsden!"

"You poor child! Locked in with a robber and a murderer!"

Imogen shuddered. "Horrible—horrible, wasn't it? By that time I was perfectly wild to find some way out of the bank. That money padded wretch had gone quietly out of Mr. Devlin's door and, of course, by that time had made good his escape."

"Fortunately he had not locked Mr. Devlin's door. Through it I got into the corridor. From the corridor I knew I could get into the teller's office. It opened into the space where the big safe stood. If I could get to one of the windows I could unfasten it from the inside and let myself drop into the alley behind the bank. A street lamp sent a faint light through the grated space. I saw a man lying in front of the big safe. My first thought was that the night watchman had got drunk. It was my duty to wake him up. I rushed at him for that purpose. I could get out of the bank by his help. I stepped into something slimy. I screamed, and then I got curiously alert. I sprang at the nearest bulb and turned on the light. There lay our faithful old Tim in a pool of his own blood. I looked again. It was not Tim. It was Mr. Devlin in his fine cassimere clothes, just as he had left the bank that evening. His bag, with his name on it—what did it all mean? I was getting beyond the power of thought. Here was the president dead. But I had seen the president disguising himself not a quarter of an hour ago after stuffing himself with money."

"By that time I had but one idea left in my head—escape. I turned off the light, trembling in every limb. I crept back toward Mr. Devlin's room. I remembered having seen a rope attached to his window frame. It was to be used in case of fire. The room was lighted just as he had left it. That wretch I mean. I saw an envelope on the floor. Now, girls you both know that I am not at all given to picking up dropped things."

"Pins; decidedly not!"

"Needles; never!"

"But, frightened as I was, I did stoop for that envelope. I shall always believe in 'leadings' after this. Inside I found a railroad ticket. It was to Hamilton, Ont. I suppose he had dropped it when he was cramming money into every crevice. So then—with a look of tragic triumph—"I was in position to put the police on the track of the robber-murderer. I knew where the criminal was booked for."

"Horrible! Frightful! My flesh is beginning to creep!" screamed Theo.

"After awhile I recollected the rope I had come after. I raised the window. It was only about fifteen feet to the ground, but that alley looked a thousand miles away from me. I could take my choice—stay where I was and be arrested for murder and robbery or skin down that rope at risk of my neck. I skinned down the rope and was surprised to find I had not broken my neck nor anything but a corset steel in the descent."

"I happened to know where a home for friendless girls was situated. I hope there wasn't a more friendless girl abroad than I was last night. I didn't go home at that hour of the night, for our landlady would have bundled us all out by daybreak. I went to that home. I made up my mind on the way. A stoutly told lie certainly is a very present help in time of need. The good soul of a sister took me in. I did not sleep much, you may depend on it, for thinking of the horrors of the bank and of what my next move must be. As soon as it was daylight I slipped away from my good friends. And as I still did not dare to blast my reputations by coming home at dawn I stole into the park, and as soon as I could procure a newspaper I bought one. A \$5,000 reward is offered for the apprehension of the criminal. Of course he sent the information to the paper. It is headed, 'Bank Robbed—President Murdered.'"

"He? Who?"

"The man with the chest protector—to avert suspicion."

"Of course"—dreamily, "Then, Gene, that \$5,000 is yours. Good! No writ of ejection this time."

"What are you going to do, Gene?"

"One of three things—give it to Theo for a scoop for her paper, sell it to the police for \$5,000 or use it for my prize story."

"It would make a blood curdler, but you'd never get \$5,000 for it. Besides, Gene, it is your duty to inform the authorities. It is all very horrible, but you have no right to keep it for a story."

"Thanks. I have given you my prize story."

"Imogen Marsden!"

"And you did not skin down a rope?"

"Couldn't for my life."

"Nor spend the night at a home for friendless girls?"

"I think cousin Maggie might come under that head."

"And Mr. Devlin was not murdered by the night watchman after robbing his own bank?"

"Not that I have heard of. But you are mixing things up terribly, dear."

"But the paper. You said it was all there in hideous headlines."

Imogen opened her pretty eyes wide. "You don't expect me to defend myself, do you?"

"Imogen Marsden, you are a great big story teller."

"Only hoping to be, my dears," with a modest smile. "And if the dear public, so satiated, so story worn, will only accept my manufactured thrills for the genuine articles we might pay our arrears and perhaps have enough left over for a box of marmos glaze."

"Or a run down to Coney Island."

"Well!" Theo culminated.

Extreme Suffering Relieved.

Mr. C. T. Chamberlain, New Durham, N. H., writes: "I am a farmer by occupation and have worked very hard. In 1905, I was taken with inflammation of the bladder. I suffered for a few weeks and grew worse. The best doctors gave no permanent relief. I was so discouraged that I thought I would never get well. About this time I met a man who had been greatly benefited by Dr. David Kennedy's favorite remedy. I dropped my doctor's medicine and began taking it. I have taken over three bottles. I obtained relief soon after I began its use. It has also greatly helped my rheumatism with which I was troubled for years." Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample. Large bottles, all druggists. Advertisement.

Possessing or Carrying Revolvers.

Any person who has in his house or place of business any firearm which may be concealed on his person, is guilty of a misdemeanor if without a license. To carry such weapon without a license is a felony.

Such license may be issued by any magistrate, judge or justice to any citizen over 16 years of age, upon proof of a good moral character and that proper cause exists for the issuance thereof. Blank licenses may be secured by justices or other magistrates, at the Republican office.

Nursery Agent Wanted.

We have just received information that the Herick Seed company of Rochester, N. Y., want a lady or gentleman representative in this section to sell all kinds of roses, shrubs, trees and seeds. They inform us that without previous experience it is possible to make good wages every week. Any one out of employment write them for terms and inclose this notice.

A nice sauce for croquettes may be made by adding to a cup of drawn butter just before serving, a quarter of a cup of diced cucumber and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly reliable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

W. A. KINNAMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

White enameled furniture can be cleaned by dissolving one tablespoonful of baking soda in one pint of warm water. Saturate a soft cloth and wash the furniture.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Use round corset lacing for padding scallop embroidery. No extra stitching or basting is needed. Fasten the lacing to the material where you begin buttonholing.

Can Bilious Attacks be Prevented.

Persons who are subject to bilious attacks will be interested in the experience of Mrs. Louise Shunk, Frankfort, N. Y. "About five years ago I suffered a great deal from indigestion and biliousness," she says. "I began taking Chamberlain's Tablets and they relieved me at once. Since taking two bottles of them I have had no return of the trouble." Chamberlain's Tablets only cost 25 cents per bottle. Why not give them a trial, get well and stay well. For sale by all dealers.

Breathe deeply and drink plenty of clear cold water if you would have a clear complexion. Ice water is injurious when taken frequently or in quantities.

Saved Her Baby's Life.

Mrs. F. M. Whitney, Utica, N. Y., writes, "last year my baby had croup and I believe his life was saved by immediately giving him Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I have the utmost confidence in this preparation, as it has proved very reliable as a cure for colds and croup." For sale by all dealers. Advertisement.

A tablespoonful of castor oil poured on your fern, or rather, on the soil of your fern, once a month will give it a rapid growth and make it look greener.

New potatoes will scrape very easily if they are put to soak in water in which a small piece of common soda is put, also they will not soil the fingers.

Summons.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SUPREME COURT, Cortland County. Anna May Woodmaness plaintiff, vs. Howard F. Woodmaness, defendant. Action for divorce. To the above named defendant. You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the plaintiff's attorney within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; and in case of your failure to do so, a default judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint. Trial to be held in the county of Cortland, N. Y.

Dated this 15th day of July, 1913.

FRED HATCH, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Office and post office address, 109 Main street, Cortland, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Prevents itching. Keeps the scalp cool and moist. Sold by all druggists.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The regular annual business meeting of the Cortland County Home for Aged Women will be held at the Home, No. 41 South Main street, Homer, New York, on Thursday, October 14th, 1913, at 3 o'clock, p. m.

All life members of the association and any who have paid the annual dues of one dollar are entitled to vote at this meeting.

The business of the meeting is to elect eight members of the board of managers to hold office for three years to fill the vacancies caused by the expiration of the terms of office of E. G. Ranney, C. S. Pomeroy, Mrs. M. A. Briggs, Mrs. E. H. Hastings, Mrs. F. E. Williams, Mrs. G. J. Mager, Mrs. F. T. Newcomb and the vacancy caused by the death of Mrs. E. G. Ranney, whose term of office also expired at this time.

The meeting will also elect from the board of managers seven trustees and transact any other business that may properly come before it.

Dated, October 1st, 1913.

FLORENCE B. MAXSON, President.

MABEL B. HYATT, Secretary.

LEGAL NOTICES.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, to Thessa M. Lansing, Homer, Cortland county, New York; Minnie Conifore, Medfordville, Cayuga county, New York; Henry Hines, Dundee, Delaware county, New York; Laura Carmale, South Bend, Cass county, Nebraska; and to all other heirs at law and next of kin deceased, if any, whose names and places of residence are unknown, and persons interested in the estate of Louis L. Suits, late of the town of Homer, in the county of Cortland, and state of New York, deceased, and relating to both real and personal estate, has lately made application to the Surrogate's Court of our county of Cortland, to have said instrument in writing proved and recorded as a will of said real and personal estate, and each of you are, therefore, hereby notified to appear before the Surrogate of the county of Cortland, at his office in the city of Cortland, in the said county of Cortland, New York, on the 20th day of October, 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend to the probate of said will. And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty-one years, they will appear by their general guardian, if they have one, and if they have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in the event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings for the probate of said will.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of our said surrogate to be hereunto affixed. Witness: Hon. Joseph E. Eggleston, surrogate of said county of Cortland, at his office in the city of Cortland, New York, this 21st day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

G. D. LUCY, Clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

EDWARD W. HYATT, Attorney for Petitioner, Homer, New York.

Summons.

SUPREME COURT—CORTLAND COUNTY—Margaret M. Hicks, plaintiff, vs. Daniel A. Hicks, defendant. Action for a Divorce. To the above named defendant: You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the plaintiff's attorney within twenty (20) days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; and in case of your failure to do so, a default judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief asked for in the complaint. Trial to be held in the county of Cortland, N. Y.

Dated this 4th day of August, A. D. 1913.

EDWARD W. HYATT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Office and Post Office Address, Homer, Cortland, New York.

To Daniel A. Hicks, the above named defendant: The foregoing summons is served upon you by publication, pursuant to an order of the county of Cortland, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Daniel A. Hicks, late of the town of Homer, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, at her residence, No. 8 River street, in the village of Homer, N. Y., on or before the 20th day of October, 1913.

Dated April 10, 1913.

EDWARD W. HYATT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Office and Post Office Address, Homer, N. Y.

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Brief Pe

Dr. G. A. Burdick returned business trip to Chicago, Friday. Fred T. Newcomb returned from a few days' visit to Miss Alice Kellogg of St. Ired his father, William Friday.

Charles Dunbar returned from a business trip to the Miller last week.

Miss Helen Nicholas spent end with her aunt, Mrs. Ed in Cortland.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Wall in Oneonta, Friday to attend of a nephew.

Mr. and Mrs. James daughter Sabrina motored last Thursday.

Harry A. Jennison of Normal school musical department in town, Saturday.

Miss Lillian Curry of Union is the guest of Principal M. Round this week.

Mrs. W. H. Allport of visited Homer and Cortland and friends last week.